

[13 Since this letter was written, yours of the 4th is received, with the parcel of "mouse ear," for which I thank you and the kind old colored woman. Within two days, my head has troubled me, something after the manner of last winter. My Report is not yet begun, but it shall be ready, rely upon it. It will be perfectly convenient for us to entertain you.] Boston, January 4, 1838.
1839.

Beloved Friend:

26

According to the chronology of man's invention, another new year has come round. Doubtless, many have been the good wishes that have greeted your ears within the last three days. Allow me to add mine to the number. They extend beyond the boundaries of the present year, and include all time—eternity. I desire that you may be happy always. I believe few possess a more equable, loving and cheerful spirit than yourself. It is because you delight in doing good, from the purest motives. You are not ashamed to be a disciple of Jesus, the crucified. The cross which he bore has for you no terrors. In him you behold the righteousness of the law fulfilled, and great is your gratitude that he has left you an example, that you should walk in his steps. You believe that if you lose your life for his sake, you shall certainly find it again. Hence, you have ceased to fear those who can kill the body. It must follow, that you are a happy man. "Great peace have they who love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." I hold to a state of permanent bliss on earth. If we may rejoice in God to-day, we may always. It is said of the Captain of our salvation, that he was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." But, surely, he was not unhappy, in the popular acceptance of the term. He was without sin, and therefore without misery. Yet he could weep—his bosom was troubled—he was ~~was~~ shelterless; yea, he was "despised and rejected of men." So we may weep, and be filled with anguish of spirit, in view of the sin and wretchedness of the world; our names may be cast out as evil; and yet, at the same time, we may be filled with that "peace of God, which passeth all understanding." For myself, I know not what it is to be disconsolate. All my desires, interests, expectations, are swallowed up in the sufficiency and love of God. "Whom have I in heaven but him? there is none on earth that I desire beside him."

I thank you for the two letters recently forwarded to me. It seems you have been preaching on the subject of Peace at Hingham. Mr. Lincoln speaks of them in glowing terms, though he does not feel prepared in spirit to adopt the principles. I am anxious to know the precise state of your mind, with regard to our Non-Resistance Society. Edmund Quincy and Robert F. Walcott are now both members of our Executive Committee, and have arrived at clear satisfaction. My confidence in the soundness of the sentiments set forth in the Declaration, is equal to my trust in God - and that is perfect. I hesitate not to affirm, with all modesty, that those sentiments are invulnerable, let the opposition come from what quarter it may. Already, they are exciting much discussion, and attracting general attention. Last evening, the question of non-resistance was discussed at the Odeon, before the Boston Lyceum - in the presence of three thousand persons. There were three speakers in favor of the war side, though every one of them distinctly admitted that ~~it was~~ ^{war is} repugnant to the principles of Christianity; but they said that, in the present state of the world, those principles could not be carried out, either by individuals or nations. They were applicable only to a future age! Amasa Walker advocated the pacific policy, taking care to say that he was no believer in the doctrines of the Non-Resistance Society. His hobby was a Congress of Nations. The vote was almost unanimous in favor of biting, scratching, mutilating and killing our enemies, whether foreigners or natives. And the audience claims to be enlightened and christianized! It manifested a tiger-spirit.

You inquire after the manuscripts of Dr. Worcester. They have never been put into my possession. You will have to write to the editor of the Register on the subject.

[Our annual meeting is at hand. It threatens to be a stormy one. You must not fail to be present, if practicable. There is a conspiracy going on in our midst, to an extent deplorable and

alarming. It is the old bawen of sectarianism working a fresh, and determined hostility to the Liberator. Under pretence of regard for the cause, the design is to start another weekly anti-slavery publication, to be the official organ of the State Society, and to be managed upon "orthodox" principles - in the hope of subverting the Liberator, and thus driving me from the field. The game, thus far, has been so ~~adroitly~~ played, that not a few well-meaning abolitionists have been drawn into it. Phelps and Torrey are foremost in the matter, backed up by Stanton, Mr. Blair, and others. They expect, by drilling, to be able at the annual meeting to so change the present Board of Managers as to be able to do as they please. There is no mistake in all this - and it is a sad revelation. Our Board fully understood the movement; and, in order to counteract it, as far as possible, have this day resolved to publish a monthly sheet, (rather larger than the Human Rights,) to be called "The Abolitionist," and to be edited by a committee, consisting of Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, and myself, for gratuitous distribution on the part of auxiliary societies. More than this our cause does not require. An effort will be made, by the plotters, at the annual meeting, to wholly change this publication - and perhaps with success. The "woman question" will also be another bone of contention. Whichever way it may be decided, we may expect to see a withdrawal from the Society; but if it be decided right, I care not how many of the sectarians leave. The less we have of them, the better. I am inclined to think that Bros. Scott and Colver will both go in favor of a new paper. If this hostility to the Liberator were carried on openly, I should care little about it; but it is fomented secretly, and in a mean and treacherous manner. I could tell you some instructive facts and occurrences, had I more room.

I feel very much relieved in mind, that our beloved and true-hearted friends Francis Jackson, Edmund Quincy, and William Bassett, have consented to take charge of the pecuniary concerns of the Lib-

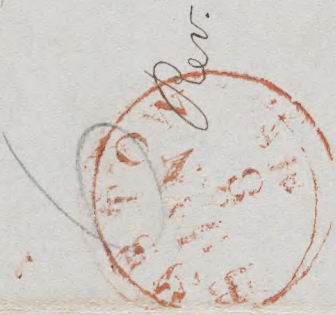
enter, so far as to hold themselves accountable for all the money received and expended in publishing it. Mr. Knapp is now merely employed as a printer, and has no connection whatever with the accounts. Our book-keeper (Mr. Blake) is one of the best in the wide world. This arrangement will be highly satisfactory to the friends of the Liberator. In view of it, perhaps a letter from you, at this time, for the paper, would prove serviceable, if published before the annual meeting. Do you as you think best about it. In the next paper, I mean to throw out signals, to call in to the annual meeting all the unflinching and trusty friends of our cause in this State and elsewhere. I shall call no names, but plainly allude to what is brewing.]

Singl. - Paid.

Emmanuel J. May,

South Scituate,

Mass.



W. L. Garrison
Jan. 4 1839

Ms. A. 1. 1. 3. 26

Our house has been for some time cheered with the presence of Mrs. Benson; and yesterday, May came from Providence, and will remain with us till after the meeting. You must stay with us when you come to the city - for we "will not take no for an answer" - remember that. I trust bro. George will be able to be with us, but it is somewhat uncertain. We are all in good health, except Helen, who is afflicted with a cold and ague, though some better. She cordially joins with me in proffering to Mrs. May, yourself, and Charlotte, the congratulations of the new year, trusting you will all consider our house your home whenever you visit the city. Mother and May desire to be affectionately remembered.

Having lost my penknife, I have been compelled to write with a steel pen. You will be puzzled to read this scrawl, which you had better burn as soon as you decipher it. Yours, unalterably, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.